THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 9, 1792.

The Interesting History of the Count de Bellegarde; with a Description of the Sublime and Picturesque Scenery in the Pyrenean Mountains.

[From Celestina, a Novel, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith.]

(*Continued from Page* 326.)

THE second night, however, we were slowly retiring to our pavilion, and had almost reached it, when we fancied that among the trees, on one side of us, which were then cut into alleys, we heard female voices talking low and plaintively.—The evening was so profoundly still that we heard every leaf that quivered in the scarcely-perceptible air; and these voices we now lost, and now heard more distinctly—till at length I was sure that one of them was the voice of Genevieve, though it was so long since I had heard it. I would have flown into her arms—but Ormond, for once more considerate than I was, withheld me, by representing to me, that if the person with her should be the jesuit's sister, we should be ruined by our rashness. Instead, therefore, of shewing ourselves abruptly, we glided along on the other side of a treillage of beech, which entirely concealed us, and, listening attentively, heard distinctly, that it was to her friend Jacquelina, that my sister addressed herself.

I knew not whether my voice or the sight of me could alarm her least; but at length determined to walk from the banqueting-house, and meet her. We both, therefore, proceeded

ſlowly down the walk in which ſhe was, leaning on the arm of Jacquelina; but neither of them immediately perceived us—and I had time (for though it was evening, every object was yet diſtinct) to obſerve the wonderful alteration that time had made in the perſon of my ſiſter.

I had left her, a beautiful girl, of twelve years old; her fine hair hanging looſe over her face and neck; and her features, though then lovely and expreſſive, not yet formed.—She was now in her nineteenth year—with the figure of a nymph, and a countenance beaming with ſenſibility and ſweetneſs—with a ſenſibility that ſeemed to have no object, and with ſweetneſs that had ſomething of patient acquieſcence infinitely intereſting. Her companion was ſo beautiful a woman, that at any other time, I ſhould have been immediately ſtruck with her charms; but at this moment, I had no eyes but for Genevieve—and Ormond, whoſe heart had been prepared for any impreſſion, was ſo faſcinated, that forgetting my injunctions of ſilence, he exclaimed, "Heavens! Chevalier—you never told me that your ſiſter was an angel!"

At this exclamation, though not uttered in a loud voice, Genevieve, whoſe eyes were before fixed on the ground, raiſed them, when ſeeing two men approach, ſhe was extremely alarmed, and taking Jacquelina by the arm, ſhe cried—"Here are ſtrangers, my friend—let us haſten back to the caſtle."

"No," cried I—"No, Genevieve, it is no ſtranger, but your brother, who comes to defend and protect you." "My brother! my dear brother!" ſaid ſhe—"what, both! is it poſſible; can you be both ſo good?"

I held her in my arms, for ſhe was unable to ſupport herſelf—while Ormond paſſionately exclaimed, "Oh, would to Heaven I were your brother! but accept me, lovelieſt of women, as your friend; and be aſſured, that I will defend ſo glorious a title with my life."

She was ſoon ſo well recovered as to liſten to what I related to her, and her beautiful eyes were turned toward Ormond, full of ſuch expreſſions as charmed his very ſoul—while ſhe thanked him for having accompanied her dear Chevalier. From her converſation, and from that of her amiable companion I learned, that my infatuated father, was not only entirely governed by his confeſſor, but had lately ſhewn ſo much attachment to the ſiſter whom he had introduced, that there was every reaſon to apprehend the conſequence of the increaſing influence of both. Genevieve, however, ſpoke of her father's failings, and even of his unreaſonable harſhneſs toward her, with reluctant ſweetneſs

neſs that was bewitchingly intereſting; and Ormond, in this ſhort converſation, was gone whole ages in love.—His eyes watched every turn of her countenance—his ears drank the ſoft ſounds of her plaintive voice.

I ſaw that the beauty, the ſimplicity of Genevieve, aided by the ſingularity of her ſituation, and the ſcene in which he ſaw her, had effected an inſtance of what has often been denied, and often ridiculed—love at firſt ſight. Neither Ormond, nor my ſiſter, nor I, were conſcious of the courſe of time; but Jacquelina at length reminded her, that it would be hazardous to be longer abſent from the caſtle. She inſtantly recollected herſelf, and ſaid with a ſigh—" My Chevalier—we muſt part —when ſhall we meet again?" It was agreed, that by the earlieſt dawn of the following morning, we would wait for them in the wood, near the pavilion: We attended them as far as we dared, toward the approach to the caſtle, and then ſlowly and unwillingly bade them good-night.

Ormond ſtood watching my ſiſter as ſhe paſſed among the trees, and when he could ſee her no longer, he hinted to me, and ſaid, with an energy peculiarly his own, " Bellegarde, I am in love with your ſiſter to diſtraction!" " I am ſorry for it, my friend," ſaid I; " and why ſorry?" interrupted he—with an air of diſpleaſure; " becauſe," replied I, " this attachment, if it indeed become permanent, though very honourable to her, may be a ſource of miſery to you both.—My father has ſo great an antipathy to an Engliſhman and a Proteſtant, that were a man, who has both, to poſſeſs the world, I am convinced he would refuſe him his daughter."—" Refuſe," cried Ormond: " Do you think I would aſk him? or do you, Chevalier, mean to leave your ſiſter—ſuch a ſiſter—here in his power?"— " I hardly know what I mean yet, my dear friend. Let us, however, do nothing raſhly, leſt we injure the objects we wiſh to ſerve."—Alas! at that time, I was cool and collected, and could argue with the romantic enthuſiaſm of my friend; but in a few days I was as madly in love with Jacquelina, as Ormond was with my ſiſter.

The impediments between us, were as great as thoſe between my friend and Genevieve—Jacquelina was of inferior birth, the daughter of one of my father's vaſſals; and to the ſullen pride of the Count of Bellegarde nothing could be ſo repugnant as ſuch an alliance. I was not yet of the age when ſons were allowed to diſpoſe of themſelves; and my allowance from my father would, I was well aſſured, be inſtantly withdrawn, if I offended him anew.—All theſe conſiderations, however,

ever, weighed nothing against the violence of my passion—and determined as I was to marry Jacquelina, and to give Genevieve to my friend, the only difficulty seemed to be to find a priest on whom we might depend; for, sensible of our affection as were the objects of our love, they refused to leave their home unless under the protection of their husbands.

While I was studying how to find and secure the fidelity of such a man as we had occasion for, Genevieve endured from the insolence of the jesuit, and the encroaching authority of Mademoiselle D'Aucheterre, his sister, insults which she dared not avow to us in all their extent. But Jacquelina, when she was alone with me, spake with less reserve, and told me she had no doubt but that it was the plan of D'Aucheterre, the jesuit, to marry his sister to the Count: And that so entirely was he governed by him, that there was no doubt of his falling into the snare. This was very unpleasant intelligence; but I forgot it when she added, that she dreaded every day lest the walks Genevieve was now allowed to take should be prohibited.

It was necessary immediately to hazard something. I contrived to make an acquaintance with one of the younger monks of the convent—he had never seen me as the Chevalier de Bellegarde, and believed, for some time, that I was an hunter, from Pau in Berne. At length, when I believed myself tolerably acquainted with him, I told him who I was, and with what view I had so long lingered about my father's abode, from whence I had been many years exiled. From the manner of his receiving this intelligence, I believed I could trust him—It was very hazardous; for the fathers of the convent were for the most part decidedly in the interest of the jesuit—But I offered to this monk the means of gratifying some of those passions which his poverty and mode of life afforded him little opportunity of indulging—and he agreed to do whatever I pleased.

The rising sun of the following morning saw my friend Ormond the enraptured husband of the lovely Genevieve; and gave me, in Jacquelina, the only woman who seemed to me worthy to be her friend.—Trembling at every breath of air, at every whisper of the falling leaves, they hurried back to the castle—where an unusual degree of tranquillity seemed on that day to reign.—The Count spake kindly to his daughter—and she, encouraged by the certainty of now belonging to the man she loved, put a restraint upon herself, and behaved with more civility to D'Aucheterre and his sister than she could generally command. In the evening they met us as usual; but our

felicity

felicity was embittered by the apprehensions for our safety that had taken possession of Jacquelina.—" Though there is not a peasant, or a shepherd, round the domains of the castle," said she, " that loves the Count well enough to do him any kindness on his own account, yet fear may have the influence which affection and gratitude have not. Some of them have been telling the servants that two strangers have been seen for many days among the mountains, who call themselves Izard hunters, though they have no dogs with them; that nobody knows where they sleep, or how they live; and that they are suspected to belong to a banditti who have for some time infested the Vallée d'Aran, about the source of the Garonne. This whisper," continued Jacquelina, " terrifies me. It was only today I heard it, and I have never had a tranquil moment since: I figure to myself that your lodging in the banqueting-house may be discovered; that you may be taken up—imprisoned—punished."—I endeavoured to appease the fears of my angelic wife, though I felt that they were too well founded. Ormond, intoxicated by love, and knowing less of the manners of the people than I did, treated them slightly—" Let them come," said he;—" are we not armed?" The following day, however, Genevieve and Jacquelina met us in increased alarm. The reports among the servants gained ground—the jesuit had heard of them, and had said to Genevieve and her friend, that if such men were lurking about the confines of the castle, their early and late walks would become very unsafe, and that he must speak to the Count to forbid them.

To remain another night in the pavilion was not safe. Our little council deliberated what to do, and love was the president. Under his auspices, the timid Genevieve learned courage to propose what appeared a more hazardous measure than to remain where we were. " The eastern side of the castle," said she, " is never inhabited on that side: The guard-room, and the rooms above and under it, have not been opened for many years:—In that quarter, you, my Chevalier, may recollect there was a considerable breach made in one of the sieges, and the windows are dismantled and broken still—as nobody ever goes near that range of rooms, would there be much danger in your remaining in them till we can depart?"

" The danger," cried Ormond; " is no consideration, but why should we not depart immediately? why should you and Jacquelina ever return to the castle?"

To this my sister answered, that unless precautions were taken, such as she feared we had not thought of, our flight would

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undo us—"My father," ſaid ſhe, "by the death of that nobleman, who was the moſt powerful among his enemies, has obtained the government of Rouſſillon, and has even had offers of other advantages which may awake his dormant and diſappointed ambition. Thus armed with powers to detect our flight, conſider what would be the conſequence of our being miſſing, if we are not ſure of getting out of his reach before he can exert that power. Secure, if poſſible, the means of an eſcape, and we will fly: In the mean time, you muſt think of your own ſafety till that can be done."

We were too much in love to raiſe any difficulties to a plan which brought us nearer the objects of our affections; and the remark Genevieve made as to the difficulty of our carrying her and Jacquelina with us, without ſome quicker means of conveyance than their delicate limbs afforded them, was perfectly juſt. How to procure ſuch conveyance was a matter that required more deliberation than the preſent moment afforded, and it was therefore agreed that at night, when all about the caſtle was quiet, Genevieve and Jacquelina ſhould be at one of the loweſt windows on the eaſtern ſide; and that we ſhould croſs the moat, and by their aid aſcend to that window, which we conſidered as a very eaſy undertaking.

As it was now late in the autumn, and there was no moon, it was dark enough for our purpoſe. We croſſed the moat with eaſe, and found our lovely conductreſſes waiting for us; with almoſt equal eaſe aſcended the broken wall, and I was thus in my father's houſe, unknown to him, and took poſſeſſion of the paternal manſion of my anceſtors as if I had been a robber and an aſſaſſin.

Here, however, under ſuch circumſtances, I paſſed the moſt fortunate period of my life—Ah! ſhort and fleeting felicity—which never, never can return again!

(To be continued.)

Anecdote of the late Sir Joſhua Reynolds, as he uſed to relate it himſelf.

WHEN I was a very young man (he would ſay) I met with good ſucceſs in painting ſmall portraits at a guinea a-piece. During ſome warlike preparations, which were going on, I went down to paint ſome naval officers at Portſmouth. I had a partner at the time, who uſed to rub in the draperies; he

he and I together contrived to make great dispatch, and pocketed the money pretty fast: All the variety there was in these portraits, I endeavoured to give to the airs of the heads, as my friend who had the chief management of the bodies, had a favourite attitude, which he gave to all the figures, whether they were in front, oblique, or profile; this was, one hand in the bosom, and the other upon the sword, or in the breeches pocket, with the hat under the arm. I had been particularly successful, as I thought, in a head of one gentleman; the finishing of the picture lay with me; the figure, chapeau bras, &c. were complete. Pleased with the military air of his head, it struck me that it might be improved by putting on a fierce cocked hat: I dashed in this hat in a stile which gave me great pleasure. This was the coup-de-grace, and the picture went home—*with two hats!* "

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Continued from Page 337.)

I Hired the servant of the Lieutenant, whom I found honest and faithful, and whom I comfortably settled in marriage, at Vienna, in 1753. After my ten years imprisonment, I found him poor, and again took him into my service; in which he died, at Zwerbach, in 1779.

And now behold me at sea, on my voyage to Riga. I had eaten heartily before I went on board: A storm came on; I worked half the night, to aid the crew, but at length became sea-sick, and went to lie down. Scarcely had I closed my eyes before the master came with the joyful tidings, as he thought, that we were running for the port of Pillau. Far from pleasing, this, to me, was dreadful intelligence. I ran on deck, saw the harbour right before me, and a pilot coming off. The sea must now be either kept in a storm, or I fall into the hands of the Prussians; for I was known to the whole garrison of Pillau.

I desired the Captain to tack about and keep the sea, but he would not, listen to me. Perceiving this, I flew to my cabin,

snatched

snatched my pistols, returned, seized the helm, and threatened the Captain with instant death, if he d d not obey. My Russians began to murmur; they were averse to encountering the dangers of the storm, but luckily they were still more averse to meet my anger, overawed, as they were, by my pistols, and my two servants, who stood by me faithfully.

Half an hour after the storm began to subside, and we fortunately arrived, the next day, in the harbour of Riga. The Captain, however, could not be appeased, but accused me before the old and honourable Marshal Lacy, then Governor of Riga. I was obliged to appear, and replied to the charge by relating the truth. The Governor answered, my obstinacy might have occasioned the death of a hundred and sixty persons. I, smiling, retorted, "I have brought them all safe to port, please your Excellency; and, for my part, my fate would have been much more merciful, by falling into the hands of my God, than into the hands of my enemies. My danger was so great that I forgot the danger of others; beside, Sir, I knew my comrades were soldiers, and feared death as little as I do." My answer pleased the fine grey-headed General, and he gave me a recommendation to the Chancellor Bestuchef at Moscow.

General Lieuwen had marched from Moravia, for Russia, with the army, and was then at Riga. I went to pay him my respects; he kindly received me, and took me to one of his seats, named Annaburg, four miles from Riga. Here I remained some days, and he gave me every recommendation to Moscow, where the Court then was. It was intended I should endeavour to obtain a company in the regiment of cuirassiers, the Captains of which then ranked as Majors, and he advised me to throw up my commission in the Siberian regiment of Tobolski dragoons. Peace be to the manes and the memory of this worthy man! May God reward his benevolence! From Riga I departed, in company with M. Oettinger, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, and Lieutenant Weismann, for Moscow. This is the same Weismann who rendered so many important services to Russia, during the last war with the Turks.

On my arrival, after delivering in my letters of recommendation, I was particularly well received by Count Bestuchef. Oettinger, whose friendship I had gained, was exceedingly intimate with the Chancellor, and my interest was thereby promoted.

I had not been long at Moscow before I met Count Hamilton, my former friend during my abode at Vienna. He was

Captain

Captain of Cavalry in the regiment of General Bernes, who had been ſent as Imperial Ambaſſador to Ruſſia.

Bernes had been Ambaſſador at Berlin in 1743, where he had conſequently known me during the height of my favour at the Court of Frederic. Hamilton preſented me to him, and I had the good fortune ſo far to gain his friendſhip, that, after a few viſits, he endeavoured to detach me from the Ruſſian ſervice, offering me the ſtrongeſt recommendations to Vienna, and a company in his own regiment. My couſin's misfortunes, however, had left too deep an impreſſion upon my memory, for me to follow his advice. The Indies would then have been preferred by me to Auſtria.

Bernes invited me to dine with him in company with his boſom friend, Lord Hyndford, the Engliſh Ambaſſador, How great was the pleaſure I that day received! This eminent ſtateſman had known me at Berlin, and was preſent when Frederic had honoured me, with ſaying, *C'eſt un matador de ma jeuneſſe.* He was well read in men, conceived a good opinion of my abilities, and became a friend and father to me. He ſeated me by his ſide at table, and aſked me, "Why came you here, Trenck?"—"In ſearch of bread and honour, my Lord," anſwered I, "having unmeritedly loſt them both in my own country." He farther enquired the ſtate of my finances; I told him my whole ſtore might be ſome thirty ducats.

"Take my counſel," ſaid he; "you have the neceſſary qualifications to ſucceed in Ruſſia, but the people here deſpiſe poverty, judge from the exterior only, and do not include ſervices, or talents, in the eſtimate; you muſt have the appearance of being wealthy. I and Bernes will introduce you into the beſt families, and will ſupply you with the neceſſary means of ſupport. Splendid liveries, led horſes, diamond rings, deep play, a bold front, undaunted freedom with ſtateſmen, and gallantry among the ladies, are the means by which foreigners muſt make their way in this country. Avail yourſelf of them, and leave the reſt to us." This leſſon laſted ſome time. Bernes entered in the interim, and they determined mutually to contribute towards my promotion.

Few of the young men who ſeek their fortune in foreign countries, meet incidents ſo favourable. Fortune for a moment ſeemed willing to recompenſe my paſt ſufferings, and again to raiſe me to the height from which I had fallen. Theſe Ambaſſadors, here again by accident met, had before been witneſſes of my proſperity when at Berlin. The talents I poſſeſſed, and the favour I then enjoyed, attracted the notice of all

foreign minifters. They were bofom friends, equally well read in the human heart, and equally benevolent and noble-minded: Their recommendation at Court was decifive; the nations they reprefented were in alliance with Ruffia, and the confidence Beftuchef placed in them was unbounded.

I was now introduced into all companies, not as a foreigner who came to intreat employment, but as the heir of the houfe of Trenck, and its rich Hungarian poffeffions, and as the former favourite of the Pruffian Monarch.

I was alfo admitted to the fociety of the firft literati, and wrote a poem on the anniverfary of the coronation of the Emprefs Elizabeth. Hyndford took care fhe fhould fee it, and, in conjunction with the Chancellor, prefented me to the Sovereign. My reception was moft gracious; fhe herfelf recommended me to the Chancellor, and prefented me with a gold-hilted fword, worth a thoufand rubles. This raifed me highly in the efteem of all the houfes of the Beftuchef party.

Manners were at that time fo rude in Ruffia, that every foreigner, who gave a dinner, or a ball, muft fend notice to the Chancellor Beftuchef, that he might return a lift of the guefts allowed to be invited. Faction governed every thing, and, wherever Beftuchef was, no friend of Woronzow durft appear. I was the intimate of the Auftrian and Englifh Ambaffadors; confequently, was careffed and efteemed in all companies. I foon became the favourite of the Chancellor's lady, as I fhall hereafter notice; and nothing more was wanting to obtain all I could wifh.

I was well acquainted with architectural defign, had free accefs to the houfe and cabinet of the Chancellor, where I drew in company with Colonel Oettinger, who was then the Head Architect of Ruffia, and made the perfpective view of the new palace, which the Chancellor intended to build at Mofcow, by which I acquired univerfal honour. I had gained more acquaintance in, and knowledge of, Ruffia in one month, than others, wanting my means, have done in twelve.

As I was one day relating my progrefs to Lord Hyndford, he, like a friend, grown grey in Courts, kindly took the parental trouble to advife me. From him I obtained a perfect knowledge of Ruffia: He was acquainted with all the intrigues of European Courts, their families, party cabals, the foibles of the Monarchs, the principles of their government, the plans of the great Peter, and had alfo made the peace of Breflaw.

Dining one public day with Lord Hyndford, I was ſeated beſide a charming young lady of one of the beſt families in Ruſſia, who had been promiſed in marriage, though only ſeventeen, to an old invalid Miniſter. Her eyes ſoon told me ſhe thought me preferable to her intended bridegroom. I underſtood them, lamented her hard fate, and was ſurpriſed to hear her exclaim, "Oh Heavens! that it were poſſible you could deliver me from my misfortune: I would engage to do whatever you would direct."

The impreſſion ſuch an appeal muſt make on a man of four and twenty, of a temperament like mine, may eaſily be ſuppoſed. The lady was raviſhingly beautiful; her ſoul was candour itſelf, and her rank that of a Princeſs; but the Court commands had already been given in favour of the marriage; and flight, with all its inſeparable dangers, was the only expedient. A public table was no place for long explanations. Our hearts were already one. I requeſted an interview, and the next day was appointed, the place the Trotzer garden, where I paſſed three rapturous hours in her company; thanks to her woman, who was a Georgian.

To eſcape, however, from Moſcow was impoſſible. The diſtance thence, to any foreign country, was too great. The Court was not to remove to Peterſburg till the next ſpring, and her marriage was fixed for the firſt of Auguſt. The misfortune was not to be remedied, and nothing was left us but patience perforce. We could only reſolve to fly from Peterſburgh, when there, the ſooneſt poſſible, and to take refuge in ſome corner of the earth, where we might remain unknown of all. The marriage, therefore, was celebrated with pomp, though I, in deſpite of forms, was the true huſband of the Princeſs. Such was the ſtate of the huſband impoſed upon her that, to deſcribe it, and not give diſguſt, were impoſſible.

The Princeſs gave me her jewels, and ſeveral thouſand rubles, which ſhe had received as a nuptial preſent, that I might purchaſe every thing neceſſary for flight: My evil deſtiny, however, had otherwiſe determined. I was playing at ombre with her, one night, at the houſe of the Counteſs of Beſtuchef, when ſhe complained of a violent head-ach, appointed me to meet her, on the morrow, in the Trotzer gardens, claſped my hand with inexpreſſible emotion, and departed. Alas! I never beheld her more, till ſtretched upon her bier!

She grew delirious that very night, and ſo continued till her death, which happened on the ſixth day, when the ſmall pox began to appear. During her dereliction ſhe diſcovered our

 love,

love, and inceſſantly called on me to deliver her from her tyrant. Thus, in the flower of her age, periſhed one of the moſt lovely women I ever knew, and with her fled all I held moſt dear.

(To be continued.)

Humorous Letter on the Propriety of eating Sugar.

The following Letter was actually written by a little Boy to a young Lady who had perſuaded the poor child (under ſix years old) not to uſe Sugar, or any thing in which it is an ingredient; a promiſe which he thinks himſelf bound by, and actually keeps. I take the liberty of ſending it to you. How far the *Antiſaccharites* may think abſtinence from *one* kind of colonial produce may be meritorious, when they indulge in every other, I leave pious people to judge. As I have been taught, heretofore, that keeping one commandment and breaking all the reſt will not be ſufficient, and as I am one of thoſe who am determined to put a ſtop to Slavery and the Slave Trade, I am for

CONSISTENCY.

March 1, 1792.

DEAR LADY L——,

FORGIVE my applying to you to releaſe me from my promiſe not to eat or drink any thing that has ſugar in it. To be ſure, I would not wiſh to have my promiſe back again, if I was convinced of the truth of what you told me, that every lump of ſugar I put in my mouth, contained ſome of the fleſh of a poor dead negro ſlave.

I am ſure, my dear Lady L——, you did not mean to impoſe on me, but have been impoſed on yourſelf by the naughty people, who told you ſo for ſome wicked purpoſes of their own.

The gentlemen and ladies I have been with lately, have laughed at me about my not eating ſugar, till they have made me cry for an hour together; and while they are laughing at me, I ſee them eating ſuch nice tarts, and cakes, and ſweet-meats, that if you had been there, you would have cried too, though you are quite a woman grown, if they ſhould have laughed at you ſo, while they are enjoying all theſe nice things; and

eſpecially

eſpecially if there had been nobody to keep you in countenance, as there uſed to be at C——.

Some of the gentlemen told me they had been in the country where the negroes make ſugar; and that they are never ſo well nor ſo happy as when they are making it, for they eat and drink as much as they will, and they love it as much as we do. They ſay likewiſe, that theſe poor negroes don't work near ſo hard as the men who dig your papa's hop grounds, and live much better; and what is worſt of all, and what hurts me moſt is, their ſaying that the people who have perſuaded us not to eat ſugar are great hypocrites; that one of them is a banker, and is ſhovelling about gold and ſilver all day long; and that another man, near Glaſgow, employs hundreds of people in making cloth of the cotton which the negroes plant and pick. Theſe gentlemen told me too, that a great many more negroes are employed in digging gold and ſilver out of the mines, and in planting cotton, in making coffee and chocolate, in making indigo, in picking cochineal, in cutting down fuſtic, logwood, and other dyeing woods, and in cutting down mahogany that tables are made of, than are employed in making ſugar; and that all theſe employments are much more injurious to the negroes' healths than ſugar-making. Does it not, Lady L——, ſeem as if people were hypocrites who make fortunes by uſing cotton and other things provided by the negroes labour, and at the ſame time tell us it is wicked to make uſe of ſugar? If theſe people do not cheat us, would they ſtrive to amaſs great fortunes by making cotton cloths, and muſlins, as the man near Glaſgow does? or by dyeing cloths, and ſilks, and ribbands, blue, yellow, red, or black, and ſelling them to people for money, which the poor negroes dig out of the ground? And if it was wicked to wear or uſe theſe things, or to drink coffee and chocolate, or eat of mahogany tables, or have mahogany doors or chairs, I am ſure neither your mama nor you would do ſo, any more than eat ſugar. And they tell me that logwood is uſed in dyeing black, which the Clergymen wear. I am ſure they never would wear black, if it was wicked ſo to do.

I cannot think, dear Lady L——, how any body who will not eat ſugar becauſe it is eating negro fleſh, can handle gold or ſilver, or feed themſelves with ſilver ſpoons or forks; for if eating ſugar is eating negroes' fleſh, ſure every time any-body puts a fork or ſpoon in their mouths, it is putting a poor dead negroe's finger or toe there.

Pray, Lady L——, do tell me if the negroes are employed in ſuch things as the gentlemen told me; and if they are, why it

is worſe to eat ſugar or cakes than to handle gold or ſilver, or to eat with ſilver ſpoons or forks, or to wear the cotton or muſlin clothes the man near Glaſgow or the people at Mancheſter make, or to wear blue or red, or coquelicot ſilks or ribbons, as Lady S—— and you do, or a black coat, as Lord M——'s tutor does. I wiſh it may not be more wicked to eat ſugar than to uſe and wear the other things and clothes, becauſe I am ſure if that was wicked, neither you nor Lord and Lady S——, nor Lord M——'s tutor would ever uſe ſilver ſpoons or forks, or wear ſuch things, or have mahogany furniture, or have your pockets ſo full of money as you all have, which laſt muſt be the wickedeſt of all; as digging gold and ſilver from the mines, I am aſſured, kills more negroe ſlaves than any thing elſe. Do, dear Lady L——, let me know all about this as ſoon as you can; and pray, if it is not very wicked indeed to eat ſugar, or more ſo than to uſe other things produced by the negroes' labour, do give me my promiſe back again, and let me eat cakes and ſweetmeats.

I am, dear Lady L——,

Your affectionate little boy,

A. C.

An Authentic Account of the State of Society in which the Natives of Africa live, in Cayor, Sin, and Sallum; three Countries extending along the Shore from the Mouth of the River Gambia to that of the Senegal.

(Continued from Page 329.)

MR. CLARKSON proceeds, in the next place, to conſider the diſpoſition and ſtate of the villages, houſes, lands, and property of the people of Sallum, Sin, and Cayor.

With reſpect to the villages, all thoſe which may be called marine, are built cloſe on the ſhore. In the interior parts, however, many circumſtances have contributed to fix them where they are found. The natives in general wiſh to be near the foreſts, as affording them a retreat in caſe of invaſion, and therefore we generally find their villages ſituated there: But if there ſhould not be good water near the ſpot which they may fancy, or land ſufficiently fertile to produce what they want to raiſe, they build them in other parts. Good water is a ſufficient recommendation of itſelf to determine the ſite of

a village;

a village; good land another: Hence there are many villages in the open country as well as among the trees. The Serreres, however, who have been deſcribed to be in a wilder ſtate than the reſt, are found almoſt univerſally in the woods.

The houſes in theſe villages are made of ſtraw. They are univerſally of a round form, and have one door only. When built to a moderate height, the roof gradually tapers from thence to a point at the top. There is no regularity in the ſituation of theſe houſes, that is, there are no regular ſtreets. If a family be only ſufficient in number to occupy one houſe, that houſe is built by itſelf, and ſurrounded by a fence of ſtraw: If a family, conſiſting of fathers, mothers, children, couſins, or of an huſband and many wives, or of a maſter and many ſlaves, be ſufficient to occupy two, three, four, or more houſes, theſe are built at a little diſtance from each other, and encircled by a wall of ſtraw. Nor are the houſes of the families in theſe villages ſituated according to any precedence. The King's houſe is in the middle, or on one ſide, as it happens. There is no determined ſpot appropriated to rank. Care, however, is generally taken that a free ſpace be left open for what is called the Publick Place of the village; a place where all publick conſultations are held, and all matters of controverſy ſettled.

The King's houſe is undoubtedly diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of his ſubjects by its ſize. It is alſo ſurrounded in general by a hedge of thorns inſtead of a fence of ſtraw. It is diſtinguiſhed again by having a domeſtick at each gate in the hedge or fence, but no military: For the military are uſed only on the feaſts of Mahomet, as already deſcribed, or for pillage, or when the King goes out publickly, or to war. The King's domeſtick officers, however, are numerous. There is a Captain of his Gate, a Captain of his Dogs, and a variety of other titled obſervants of his will.

As to the interior of the houſes, it is extremely ſimple; their furniture conſiſts of a bed, and this is all, if we except two or three rude domeſtick utenſils. The frame on which their bed is laid, is raiſed about a foot or a foot and half above the floor of the hut, and is made of poles of different dimenſions, faſtened on ſtakes driven into the ground, and croſſing each other ſo as to form a grated ſurface; on which the natives place a mat of ſtraw and leaves intermixed, upon which they ſleep.

This is the general and almoſt only furniture of the people. Nor is the Gueraff much better off. He may have perhaps a

rude

rude cheſt, in which he puts his brandy and other articles; and in this conſiſts the only diſtinction between the two. As to the King himſelf, he has but little more to diſtinguiſh the interior of his houſe than the bed and cheſt deſcribed. He has certain ſtools, which are nearly of the form of a common houſe glaſs, though of courſe much longer, that is, they are narrower in the middle than at the ends, which may be uſed alternately either as a ſupporter or a ſeat. It is this piece of furniture which places the Sovereign above the reſt.

We come now to the lands which they poſſeſs.—Theſe are in general as near the villages as the fertility of the ſoil will permit; in ſome places cloſe to them, in others ſometimes half a mile, or a mile off, and in others more.

Their lands may be divided into three ſorts;—Lands for cotton and indigo; lands for the more immediate neceſſaries of life, ſuch as millet; and lands for paſture.—In the diſtribution of theſe lands, that is, the fixing their ſituation nearer to the villages in proportion as one is rich, or more remote in proportion as another is poor, no ſuch diſtinction prevails. Each family has occupied that which it thought would anſwer its purpoſe beſt, or that which it pitched upon the firſt. There are no diſputes with reſpect to land. If a man has not enough, he may take more, and as much more as he pleaſes. There are thouſands of acres unſettled, ſo that he has only to chooſe a ſpot, which is not occupied by another.

The land however, which is poſſeſſed in theſe countries, is not poſſeſſed by individuals, but by whole families. All the relations in a village, fathers, mothers, brothers, ſons, couſins, hold one ſpot, which ſerves them all, and which is as much as they can cultivate among them, or is adequate to their wants. The figure of this ſpot is generally round. If it be laid out in indigo, cotton, or millet, it is incloſed with thorns, leſt the deer or other wild game getting into it ſhould deſtroy the crop. Thus are their lands like the places of their habitations. They are encircled by a fence; they aſſume a round appearance like the ſpot on which the houſes ſtand; and are poſſeſſed by whole families.—[With reſpect to the cultivation of indigo, one exception is to be made to the preceding account, which is, that the Serreres do not cultivate it at all.]

As to the lands for paſture, they are not encloſed like the reſt, but are all open. There are ſome inhabitants of the villages, who have cattle, the uſe of which is rather for the milk than the meat, for in theſe countries meat is ſeldom eaten except on the feaſts of Mahomet. The King has many cows, the

Gueraff

Gueraff ſome, and the rich ſuch as they have inherited, or acquired by trade. All theſe, however, feed in one herd. They are tended by two or three men and as many boys. Theſe take charge of them as well in the night as in the day; for which purpoſe they ſleep in ſmall huts or cabins erected upon the lands where the cattle feed. The occupation of herdſmen is here followed as a trade.

In ſpeaking of property, it will be neceſſary to make a diſtinction here, which otherwiſe may not be thought to ſubſiſt. The lands or houſes, which have been deſcribed to be within an encloſure, do not belong to any one individual, as was ſtated before, but to all the members conjointly of the family which occupies them. This, however, is not the caſe with property of another kind. Perhaps an induſtrious man, by applying himſelf to ſome commercial purſuit, becomes poſſeſſed of cattle. Perhaps another with great care and trouble has formed a palmery, with a view of ſupplying the market with palm wine. Such cattle then and ſuch palmery belong excluſively to thoſe who acquired them. Theſe and other ſimilar ſorts of property are diſtinct from the firſt. They are wholly at the diſpoſal of the proprietor during life, but at his death they deſcend to his next heirs.

Such is the arrangement of the villages, houſes, and lands, of the inhabitants of Sallum, Sin, and Cayor. To theſe original houſes and villages ſo occupied, to theſe original lands ſo laid out and poſſeſſed, and to the ſimplicity of life ſo neceſſarily following ſuch an arrangement, theſe inhabitants are ſo extremely attached, as to conſider it the greateſt evil in life to leave them. This is particularly obvious after any ſerious pillage, which may have obliged them to betake themſelves to the woods; for in theſe woods they have been known to wait with patience for years, till they have thought the danger entirely over, and then to ſeek their ancient habitations again.

(To be continued.)

ON PATIENCE.

By Dr. HUGH BLAIR.

PATIENCE under provocations. The wide circle of human ſociety is diverſified by an endleſs variety of characters, diſpoſitions, and paſſions. Uniformity is, in no reſpect, the genius of the world. Every man is marked by ſome peculiarity

which diſtinguiſhes him from another; and no where can two individuals be found who are exactly, and in all reſpects, alike. Where ſo much diverſity obtains, it cannot but happen that, in the intercourſe which men are obliged to maintain, their tempers ſhall often be ill adjuſted to that intercourſe; ſhall jar and interfere with each other. Hence, in every ſtation, the higheſt as well as the loweſt, and in every condition of life, public, private, and domeſtic, occaſions of irritation frequently ariſe. We are provoked ſometimes by the folly and levity of thoſe with whom we are connected; ſometimes by their indifference or neglect; by the incivility of a friend, the haughtineſs of a ſuperior, or the inſolent behaviour of one in lower ſtation. Hardly a day paſſes without ſomewhat or other occurring which ſerves to ruffle the man of impatient ſpirit. Of courſe, ſuch a man lives in a continual ſtorm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. Servants, neighbours, friends, ſpouſe, and children, all, through the unreſtrained violence of his temper, become ſources of diſturbance and vexation to him. In vain is affluence, in vain are health and proſperity. The leaſt trifle is ſufficient to diſcompoſe his mind and poiſon his pleaſures. His very amuſements are mixed with turbulence and paſſion.

I would beſeech this man to conſider of what ſmall moment the provocations which he receives, or at leaſt imagines himſelf to receive, are really in themſelves; but of what great moment he makes them, by ſuffering them to deprive him of the poſſeſſion of himſelf. I would beſeech him to conſider how many hours of happineſs he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy; and how much he puts it in the power of the moſt inſignificant perſons to render him miſerable. "But who can expect," we hear him exclaim, "that he is to poſſeſs the inſenſibility of a ſtone? How is it poſſible for human nature to endure ſo many repeated provocations? or to bear calmly with ſuch unreaſonable behaviour?"—My brother! if you can bear with no inſtances of unreaſonable behaviour, withdraw yourſelf from the world. You are no longer fit to live in it. Leave the intercourſe of men. Retreat to the mountain and the deſert; or ſhut yourſelf up in a cell; for here, in the midſt of ſociety, "offences muſt come." You might as well expect, when you beheld a calm atmoſphere and a clear ſky, that no clouds were ever to riſe, and no winds to blow, as that your life was long to proceed without receiving provocation from human frailty. The careleſs and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the intereſted,

terested, every where meet us. They are the briars and the thorns with which the paths of human life are beset. He only who can hold his course among them with patience and equanimity, he who is prepared to bear what he must expect to happen, is worthy of the name of a man.

Did you only preserve yourself composed for a moment, you would perceive the insignificancy of most of those provocations which you magnify so highly. When a few suns more have rolled over your head the storm will have, of itself, subsided; the cause of your present impatience and disturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can you not, then, anticipate this hour of calmness to yourself, and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring? If others have behaved improperly, leave them to their own folly, without becoming the victim of their caprice, and punishing yourself on their account.—Patience, in this exercise of it, cannot be too much studied by all who wish their life to flow in a smooth stream. It is the reason of a man in opposition to the passion of a child; it is the enjoyment of peace, in opposition to uproar and confusion. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."

Anecdote of the late James Taylor, of penurious Memory.

A Short time before his death, on finding himself very unwell, he sent for a Physician, to whom he told his case, and received in return, (on a request made to the son of Æsculapius, that he would tell him his real condition,) an answer that he could not live six weeks. On this he set about adjusting his worldly concerns, and once in his life time was resolved to have it said that he did a generous thing. He desired his friends (for friends in his way he had) to call on one of the Governors of a public charity, with a request that he would wait on him on such a day. The gentleman full of expectation, came to his time, and the following conversation took place.

"Sir, I have always liked the institution of which you are a Governor, and wish to forward its good purposes by a bequest of the sum of 1500l. I have very lately been told by my doctor, that I am not long for this world, and have sent for you to tell you my purpose. But—"

"In the name of the patronizers of our benevolent plan, I return you sincere thanks. You may depend upon it that the money shall be used to the best advantage."

 "But,

"But, to ſave trouble in the making of my will, I have a thought—"

"What is it, Sir?"

"That if you will *allow me the diſcount*, I'll pay the money now."

A curious Epitaph which may be ſeen in Stow Gardens, in the County of Bucks.

TO the memory
of
SIGNOR FIDO,
an Italian of good extraction,
who came to England,
not to *bite* us like moſt of his countrymen,
but to gain an honeſt livelihood.
He *hunted* not after fame,
yet acquired it.
Regardleſs of the praiſe of his friends,
but moſt ſenſible of their love,
though he liv'd among the great,
he neither learnt nor flatter'd any vice.
He was no bigot,
though he doubted of none of the 39 Articles.
And if to follow nature,
and if to reſpect the laws of ſociety,
be philoſophy,
he was a perfect philoſopher.
A faithful friend,
an agreeable companion,
a loving huſband,
diſtinguiſh'd by a numerous offspring,
which he liv'd to ſee take good courſes,
in his old age he retir'd
to the houſe of a clergyman in the country,
where he finiſh'd his earthly career,
and died an honour and example to his whole ſpecies.
Reader,
this ſtone is guiltleſs of flattery,
for he to whom it is inſcrib'd was
not a man,
but
A GREYHOUND.

Anſwer, by Amico Crewkernienſis, to Solon's Charade, inſerted January 30.

YOUR lines I've not perus'd in vain,
For SALTASH will the ſame explain.

‡ We have received the ſame anſwer from a youth of Devon; J. Collins, Uffculm; P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; S. Hill, Dawliſh; W. W. of Sturminſter Newton; Philomathes, Ridgeway; R. Liſcombe, Newton Abbot; J. Ralph, Wellington; Furze Stub, of Long Moor; T. K. near Penzance; T. Coumbe, St. Germans; W. S. and T. Sparkes junior, of Exeter; A. Pinn, Exmouth; Alutarius, Buckfaſtleigh; A. Apſey, and W. Brewer, Taunton; Sheptonienſis; R. Tucker, Broad Winſor; W. Baker, Totnes; Eremita, Weſton Zoyland; T. Giles, Bridgewater; J. K. C. near Wells; T. Scadding, Wellington; Primœvus, near Ugborough; G. Kingman, Buckland Newton; V rginopis; R. S. of Bodmin; S. Branwell, near St. Auſtell; R. H. of Creed; W. Stephens junior, St. Hillary; J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary; S. Shapton, Awliſcombe; and W. Hodgſon, near Fowey.

A QUESTION, *by W. Upjohn, of Shafteſbury.*

A Gentleman lets an eſtate at the rate of 12l. per annum: being in want of money at preſent he borrows 100l. of his tenant, and agrees to pay five per cent. compound intereſt. —Required (by a proper algebraical proceſs) how long the tenant muſt hold the eſtate, and receive intereſt, before the ſums become equal to the 100l. that was lent.

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‡*‡ *Primœvus, near Ugborough, will be duly attended to when he ſends right anſwers, and ſends them in time.*

†*† *The enigma on pride, and ſeveral other articles, are much too incorrect to deſerve inſertion.*

‡ *The rebus upon an aſs, the charade upon a grayling, and the anagram on chin and inch, have all appeared already. The anſwer to W. Upjohn's queſtion is wrong, and that to R. Gilbert's came to hand too late to be noticed.*

ERRATUM.] *In our laſt Entertainer, page* 330, *line* 12, *for* Cato *read* Plato.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An ELEGY, *by Adolphus, of P———h D—k.*

'TIS paſt! the painful parting hour is o'er,
Which from my ſight my deareſt Delia tore;
How did my longing eyes her ſteps attend,
My love, my life, my miſtreſs, and my friend!
Tho' far remov'd—to her my conſtant mind
Applies its view, and will not be confin'd.
'Tis love unbounded all my pow'rs controul,
And her fair form engroſſes all my ſoul.
In vain I try to gain my loſt repoſe,
My heart depreſs'd with ſorrow o'erflows;
Abſent from her—it knows but only grief,
Devoid of comfort, and without relief;
Involuntary ſighs its pangs expreſs,
And the big tear proclaims its deep diſtreſs.
Can ſhe forget how anxious oft I ſtrove,
To gain her ſmiles, and move her heart to love?
The many vows of conſtancy I made,
And all that fondneſs which my looks diſplay'd?
I urg'd my ſuit, ah! ſurely not in vain!
Her gentle ſoul could not ſuch love diſdain;
Methought ſhe kindly lent a liſt'ning ear,
And ſeem'd to own ſhe hop'd my vows ſincere.
She cannot doubt my paſſion is not true,
For all my actions would ſuch doubts ſubdue;
The ardour of my ſoul they all proclaim,
And prove I feel a pure, a generous flame.
When, as ſhe left me, her dear hand I preſs'd,
The fondeſt love was by my eyes expreſs'd;
Kind were her looks—they led me to conceive,
The parting moment made my charmer grieve;
The chryſtal tear ſtood trembling in her eye,
And half ſuppreſs'd I heard the tender ſigh;

I ſaw

I ſaw the ſtruggle of her gen'rous heart,
And curſt the cruel cauſe that made us part.
Oh! could I preſs her in my longing arms,
Could I inconſtant ever ſlight her charms?
Ah! ſurely no!—to life's remoteſt day,
She o'er my heart would hold a ſov'reign ſway;
All other joys I freely would reſign,
And be content—if Delia was but mine.
Ye pow'rs above, who o'er this world preſide,
Protect her youth, and be her conſtant guide;
On her the choiceſt of thy favours pour,
And make her mine—I'll anxious aſk no more.

EPISODE of CLARIMONT.

[From Miſs Seward's Louiſa.]

SO luckleſs Clar'mont's thorny path ſhe ſmooths;
So his ſharp ſenſe of many an ill ſhe ſooths;
One dear recover'd hope his grief beguiles,
And, 'midſt the wreck of all the reſt, he ſmiles.
Emma, thou knew'ſt him well; the jocund youth,
Ambition's votary, yet of taintleſs truth.
Lur'd by the wealth the glowing Andes hide,
He long'd to paſs the interpoſing tide.
Remembrance ſees him on the ſea-beach ſtand,
His fair Clariſſa weeping on his hand.
With anxious ſmiles her varying cheek he dries,
And talks of proſperous winds, and favouring ſkies.
Clear was the ſky, and gentle were the gales,
And wide and waving ſtream'd the ſnowy ſails:
While, toſſing the green ſea-weed o'er and o'er,
Crept the huſh'd billow on the ſhelly ſhore;
Soft as th' autumnal breeze among the ſheaves,
Or gently ruſtling in the fallen leaves;
And rolling in blue light thy watery way
With froſted ſilver ſeem'd bedropt, and gay.
Impatient Clar'mont led his penſive bride,
As ſlow ſhe ſcal'd the veſſel's ſtately ſide;
So ſmooth the ſeas, the tall bark ſeem'd to ſleep,
While her gay pennants ting'd the glaſſy deep.
Day after day mild breezes freſhen'd round,
'Till ſkies alone the mighty waters bound.

But

But now, far diſtant from Britannia's ſhore,
Round craggy ſteeps where angry billows roar,
Riſe the dark winds!—and borne on flagging wing,
On the bent maſt the ſcreaming fulmars cling!
And ſoon the fury of the wildeſt ſtorm
That could the vex'd and ſwelling ſea deform,
With death's ſhrill voice, ſhrieks in the rending ſhrouds,
As whirls the dizzy veſſel to the clouds;
Or prone ſhoots ſwiftly to the billowy vale,
While the wet ſeaman's altering cheek is pale.
The whirling ſhip the guiding rudder mocks,
It ſtrikes! It burſts upon the bulging rocks!
Unhappy Clar'mont, who had vainly tried
In the toſs'd boat to place his beauteous bride.
Sees on the deck, pale, trembling, as ſhe ſtood,
The ſudden billow daſh her to the flood;
While on the riven plank himſelf convey'd,
With only life, beneath a ſtranger ſhade,
Wakes from the briny trance, and wakes to know,
Of fate's dark ſtores, the moſt accompliſh'd woe!
Borne by a friendly ſail, that now he ſtands
A ruin'd wanderer on his native land,
Seems little; love's ſeverer tortures reign
With force deſpotic, and excluſive pain.
This borne, from month to month, and year to year,
At length unlook'd for tidings charm his ear;
His fair Clariſſa lives!—on coaſts unknown
Wreck'd, like himſelf, unfriended and alone,
By deſtiny ſevere, an hapleſs ſlave,
Pines on rude ſhores beyond th' Atlantic wave;
Yet, that ſhe lives is ſo unhop'd a joy!—
Before it doubt, and fear, and anguiſh fly!
She lives!—and fate may aid the ardent ſtrife,
And to his arms reſtore his long-loſt wife!
In that dear hope pale miſery's tortures ceaſe,
And agony ſubſides almoſt to peace.

Lines occaſioned by ſome Snow that melted on a Lady's Breaſt.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haſte,
To prove her breaſt leſs fair;
Grieving to find themſelves ſurpaſs'd,
Diſſolv'd into a tear.

S. HILL.